From the author.

VICTORIA R.

1837. JUBILATE. 1887.

God save the Queen !—From millions of true hearts
And loyal lips rings out the patriot hymn,
Throughout the widest Empire earth has known :—
For she, descendant of a Royal line,
Holding her crown by strictest rule of law,
Hath yet a better title,—royal worth
And that divinest right—her people's love.—

And God hath heard the prayer :—no fifty years
In England's history match this glorious reign :
Her laws, her language, her true liberty,
Spurning the tyranny of king or mob,
Helping the right and battling with the wrong,
Her hardy sons have planted in far lands
Savage and wild and waste before, and there
Have founded colonies which shall become
The seats of mighty Empire, yet to be ;—
In the unbounded West of Canada
Where the red Indian roamed the prairie wide,
Or dense, and pathless woods, and tribe with tribe
Waged savage, unrelenting murderous war ;—
Or in Australia's semi-continent,
Or in dark Africa by Congo's stream
Or new found sources of the ancient Nile ;—
Or whereso'er adventurous daring led,
Or tempting prospect of extended trade,
Or Christian love could hope to plant the cross.

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The "gorgeous East" has bowed to British rule,
And her barbaric kings and potentates
Have hailed Victoria's benignant sway
And crowned her India's Empress.—British men
With gentle art have taught the dusky race
By bright example how our juster laws
And kindlier customs, raise the human soul
To loftier virtue and a nobler life.

Science and art and careful statesmanship
Have joined to glorify Victoria's reign,
And spread her Empire. Britain's pioneer
In his lone hut amid the wildest scenes
Of Asia or of Afric, feels his lot
Softened and smoothed by rapid intercourse
With loved and loving friends in distant home,
By letter or by message lightning borne,
Putting "a girdle round about the world,"
Swifter than Ariel's flight could compass it;—
Or picture traced without a painter's hand
And true as painter's skill hath ever made:
And yet within the exile's slender means,
And travelling safely in a letter's folds;
Drawn by God's purest agent holy light,
Which to the eye of science hath unveiled
The mystery of the universe, —one law
Pervading all creation, yet combined
With infinite diversity of form,
Beauty and life and happiness, and all
The infinite variety of good.—

These are the triumphs of her reign, to these
She gave all kind encouragement and aid,
Assisting and assisted the man
" Bearing the white flower of a blameless life "
She chose as consort of her life and throne.
The glory of a virtuous life, is hers,—
Her duty done as daughter, wife and mother,—
Her court, the home of purity and honour,
Her faithful truth to him she loved and lost,
Her life devotion to her people's good,
And true observance of her sacred vow
To rule in strict conformity to law.—
Defender of the faith, she held it right
To act as christian faith enjoined,—and kept
Her coronation oath inviolate.

And therefore,—Canada, which from her hand
Received self government in freeest form,
And Ottawa to which she gave the palm,
As the Queen city of this fair Dominion ;—
With loyal hearts of every race or creed,
Within her Empire's wide circumference,
Join in the patriot prayer,—God save the Queen.

OTTAWA, 21 June, 1887. G. W. WICKSTEED.

JUBILATE.

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